

11-1949

## UA99/6/2 T 'n' T November

Bowling Green Business University

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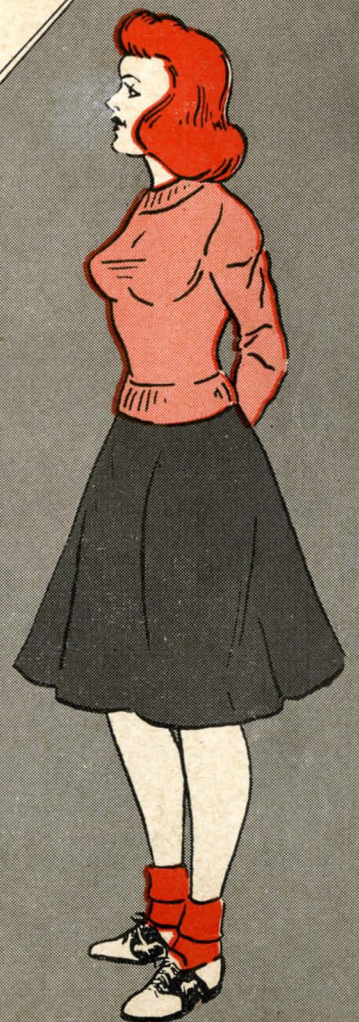
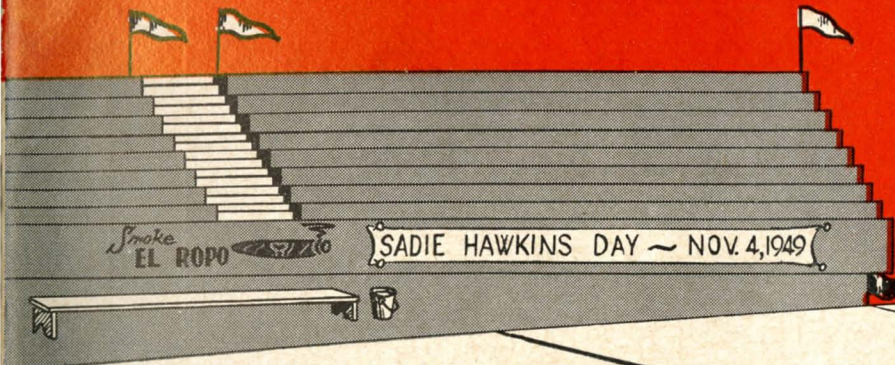
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# TNT



NOVEMBER  
4<sup>th</sup> SADIE HAWKINS DAY  
11<sup>th</sup> ARMISTICE DAY  
24<sup>th</sup> THANKSGIVING

*Dutch*



*So Mild-  
and they  
Taste  
so good!*



# Camels



## *Editorial*

During the war a test was made in one of our munitions factories. A great bar of steel, weighing upwards of six hundred pounds and something over eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a slender chain. Nearby a small bottle cork was hung, attached to a silken cord. The purpose of this test was to see if the action of the cork, when lightly swung against the great steel bar could possibly set it in motion. Again and again the cork was swung gently against the bar; but for a while the pendent steel seemed to remain motionless. At the end of ten minutes, however, when the cork had been tapped against the bar hundreds of times, a sort of nervous chill seemed to run thru the bar. Another brief space and the chill was followed by distinct vibrations, which increased in force till at the end of twenty-five minutes the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock.

This is the way our lives are affected by the factors present in everyday living. No one, not even the strongest person, can withstand the pressure created by these factors. The people we meet, the work we do, the places we go and the goals we achieve, all make an impression on us that eventually forms our character. With the character thus formed we go out into the world and affect others. The question is, do we affect others in a beneficial manner or do we create a suggestion that man and his existence is in reality only a retrace.

We the students are here seeking wisdom and knowledge but as N. L. Criss once said "True Wisdom lies in gathering the precious things out of each day as it goes by". That doesn't mean to attack our tasks each day with the attitude "I'll be glad when this day is done." Each task we attempt and each effort that we exert has the ability to give us the knowledge and wisdom to attain the goals and aims of our individual lives.

It has been said that we learn something new every day. Yes—if we want to. We are so like the cork and steel experiment. If we **let** the cork of knowledge and wisdom strike us often enough we will eventually respond and be an asset to our fellow men. Be interested in others, their goals, welfare and families. Laugh with those who are happy and encourage those who mourn. Let everyone you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as an important person and you will take a giant step in obtaining the knowledge and wisdom so necessary to existence in today's troubled and confused world.

Dutch Isert—B. U. Editor



# Toppers "N" Towers Staff

VOLUME 1, NO. 8

NOVEMBER, 1949

PAUL R. MADDOX, *Editor-In-Chief*

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Mother—Do you like your new governess, Jimmy?

Jimmy—No, mom. I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like Daddy does."

Women can keep a secret as well as men, but it takes more of them to do it.

Marriage is like a bath—by the time you get used to it, it's not so hot.

Once there was a little boy and a little girl—and thereby hangs the material for a naughty joke.

Over cocktails, glances seem so sweet,  
How will they look over shredded wheat?

Alimony is the high cost of leaving.  
And Mexicali rose.

Dr. D.: "Now tell me what you know about nitrates."

H. Greenfield: "They're cheaper than day rates."

The gunman rushed into the saloon waving and shooting his gun and yelling: "All youse dirty lousy bums scram outta here."

All the patrons fled but one mild looking man who continued drinking at the bar.

"Well!" barked the gunman.

"Goodness," observed the mild little man. "There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

College is just like the laundry—you get out of it just what you put into it—but you'd never recognize it.

Then there is the story of the mountaineer who put a silencer on his shotgun because his daughter wanted a quiet wedding.

Sign in a public dance hall: "He who hesitates is not dancing."

"Love hasn't changed in the last 2,000 years," remarked one co-ed to another. "I read in a book last night that Greek girls used to sit all evening and listen to a lyre."

I knew a girl named Mexicali,  
She's pretty as a rose.  
One day she sat upon a cactus,



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## Sabotage

You've heard of the old saying "When in Rome do as the Romans do." While at B. U., do as the B. U'ers do. They not only study but they party too. At the Alpha Sigma Dance, Oct. 7 everyone seemed to be really party'en. Although there were other dances around close that night, Owen Bradley with his magical music lured quite a few knights and their ladies.... Bill F. and Bett H., Eddie Nangle and Duple Grant, Leland Steely and Betty D., Bud Wilson and Charlotte H., Pat Hughart and Berry Dobson, Paul R. and Frances G.... While on the subject of dances, the Saide Hawkins Dance is coming up soon—so now is the time for all you *Dogpatch* fans to begin looking for your partners. Raymond W. have you found *Daisy Mae* yet?

Jim Traverstead and Dennis Vaughn should pass Dr. Dodson's Phy. Science class with high honors. We hear you-all are going to take over next semester.

"I-ser-tainly, will do anything I can to help anyone even if it does get me in *dutch*"—seems to fit Dutch Isert to a "T". Don't ask what he can do, ask what he can't do. You can call on him for anything from baby sitting to tuning pianos. Once he told me the one thing he couldn't do was to find a girl but now I see Barbara Fox wearing his Frat. Pin. See what I mean!

Hey "Baby Doll!" I bet you miss little Margarita. Maybe *Cuba* won't be able to keep her very long—if B. G. calls for her to come back. Am I right, Dave?

Jean Furguson and Pat Hughart are here in *spirit* but I think they left their hearts at home. Girls, it's not too long until Thanksgiving when Donald and Bob will be down to see you two.

The Pi Tau Nu's party went over with a bang, "cokes" for all and Bonnie Keller was in her glory.

It looks as if Charles Thompson is still waving flying colors with Edna Corey. Life gets *tedious* don't it.

Ruth Wilson is wearing a piece of ice on her third finger. Earl—that doesn't mean that you are to quit carrying her books to class.

The Alpha Sigma's Date Bureau must have stimulated everyone. At least it didn't give the boys a chance to say they didn't have a date for the dance because the Frat. boys were ready and willing to get them dates. Pretty good salesmanship anyway.

The Topper's party was quite a success and the program was a "killer". Clem was very becoming in his dainty bonnet and gown, just call him *Clem-entine* for short. Come to think of it Jim LeGrande made a cute redhead.

Why did Louie H. say "would you help me cry?" Those words will probably break into the history of all the Topper parties or maybe just "break".

Charlie McD. has an eager light in his eye about mail time these days. Seems that a cute l'il Mayfield lassie has Charlie's heart working overtime. Weezie?

I thought that it was impossible to ever meet a person who never gets down in the dumps or angry. It seems that Maylon

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Gene Maunz, did you ever get the shift gears on your car fixed? It would be pretty tough explaining to your date if you should happen to be on a lone country road and the gears got stuck. Cars are handy little items—don't you agree?

Bill Rudd and Dimple Kitchen seem to be starting a flame. I don't blame them—winter is just around the corner. Also we have another cute couple, and that is Jack McCallister and Faye Wakeland.

We hear Sam Malone has a lovely voice. Come on, Sammie boy, and sing for us.

Delores Eskew has Cecil Whitehead's ring on her left hand again. If you don't tell us, we will just have to draw our own conclusions.

For this month's issue we've seen together quite a lot, for how long your guess is as good as mine, but here's hope.... Homer Duke and Margaret Brooks, Joe Joliffe and Blanche Joiner, Pat Atkins and Don Riley, Charlotte H. and Jerry, Margie and "Omar", Doug B. and Elaine Landrum, Letie Lewis and Frank Martin.

If you are ever looking for a few card sharks just go to Maw Murph's and you will probably see "Moe" Moebly, Polly Ann Neeley, John Johnson, Delores Eskew, Bacon Ray, and Glen Blaylock playing bridge.

The K. B. Pi's party which was given at the Arch Way Inn was a sensational affair, at least that's the conclusion I came to by everyone's reaction. Never a dull moment and I know everyone had a swell time.... Jim Butts and Sarah Harlow had that out of this world look in their eyes for each other (or should I say they were out of this world). Who escorted who: Mary Jackson and Claude Begley, Tony Andrews and Daryl Bates, Letie Lewis and Frank Martin, Shirley Smith and Bob Kister. That's just a hand-full.

Bobbie Howard seems to be having a hard time making up her mind between the B. U. boys and a Harlan chap.

Hey, Pug Bowling, what's this I hear about you playing nurse-maid to all the girls at the Mac House. Tell me this—Who was nurse for you?

Along with sleigh bells at Christmas there will be wedding bells for Pat McIntosh and Bill Draughon. Pat went home recently, I guess Bill will be kinda lonesome nowadays. Well, Bill, it won't be very long until your troubles will really begin.

It looks like James Peak better learn how to spell or I'll just have to buy a dictionary in order to transcribe my shorthand notes. Get busy, Jimmy, honestly—I'm broke.

I've always heard that home is where the heart is. Lewis Hopper, is that way you always make a B-line for home every week-end?

Why is it that Charles Woods is called Jackpot? Slim A., you know good and well you wanted me to say that. Was that a low-blow or just low!

Still being seen at the night spots are Clem Rollins and Margie Rombeau, Bill Rudd and Dimples Kitchen, Bill Lashlee and Charlotte Roberts, Beth Francis and Harold Greenfield, Flo Bowling and Frank McCrory. Say Omar and Raloh, who were the cute dates at the McKinley dance?

Our sympathy goes out this month to the Pi Tau Nu pledges. Say Ted Stuart, isn't it nice to have a gal like Mary Francis around who can drive so well? Toni Andrews and Toni Ratliff seem to be hitting it off pretty well, and we see Doug and Elaine are taking up where they left off last year.

He was so stingy that when he took his girl to the beach, he wouldn't buy her a parasol, but told her shady stories instead.



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You've certainly got to hand it to Ben-ny when it comes to petting.  
My lord, is he that lazy?

A fraternity had sent its window curtains to the cleaners and there was some delay in having them returned. One morning a note arrived from the girls across the street. "Dear Sirs," it read, may we suggest that you procure curtains for your windows. We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left his shaving to answer the door and receive the note sent back the following answer: "Dear Ladies: This course is not compulsory."

Sonny—Mother, Pappa wouldn't murder anybody, would he?

Mother—Why certainly not, child. What makes you ask that?

Sonny—Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, "Let's kill the other two George."

And then there's the man who walked into a bar optimistically and left misty optically.

The young wife out in Vets Village was cooking the Sunday turkey for her husband and as she proudly set it down on the table she said:

"Honey, this is my first turkey."

"My, oh, my, it certainly looks delicious. What kind of stuffing did you use?"

"Why darling, this turkey wasn't hollow."

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And nothing know of wines and beers.  
The goat and sheep at twenty die,  
And never taste of Scotch and Rye.  
The cows drink water by the ton,  
At eighteen are mostly done.  
The dog at fifteen cashes in,  
Without the aid of Rum and Gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks,  
And then at twelve short years it croaks.  
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen  
Lays eggs for nogs, and then dies at ten.  
All animals are strictly dry,  
They sinless live and sinless die.  
But sinful, Ginful, Rum-soaked men  
Survive for three score years and ten!

What have you done," Saint Peter asked, "that should admit you here?"

"I ran a magazine," the editor said, "In my college days one year."

"Saint Peter shook his head and gravely touched the bell. "Come in, poor man. select a harp. "You've had your share of hell!"

Farmer—Be this the Women's Exchange?

Woman—Yes.

Farmer—Be you the woman?

Woman—Yes.

Farmer—Well, then, I think I'll just keep Maggie.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
All the King's horses  
And all the King's men  
Had egg nog.

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# CHARM



Photograph by Johnson-Malone

NANCY BUREN

Western  
Danville, Ky.



CHARLOTTE ANNE ROBERTS

Business University  
Aberdeen, Miss.

Photograph by Johnson-Malone



# GOSSIP-----Western Wheels

Hi you, kids! Welcome back to another good ole session of news, gossip, and what-have-you. You know, there are so many new faces, I'm having a hard time learning them all. So if I don't catch you and your steady now, just give me time and I'll find you out. Why, I still think of Potter Hall as a place for girls, so I usually look both ways before proceeding down the hall. But anyway back to the topic at hand. Let's see what's happening to the fine people here on the campus.

I do want to report Mary Lacy and Frank Loudermilk finally tied the knot and said those faithful words, "I do." Those that attended the ceremony said it was tops, and I know it was because no two people ever deserved anything but the best.

I wonder when some engagements will be announced, or will there just be sudden week-end marriages like last spring. You never can tell about people. Seems that they will do anything at any time. One of the couples I'm referring to is this combination of John Hubbard and Clara Farmer. What do you think of them? Yes, I think so, too. They do make a very nice couple and if they keep on the way they are going—well, no telling what it might lead to.

Joanne Beatty and Charles Matherly seem to be going together pretty strong again. Wonder what it is here?? Love, or just love!! Anyway, Charles is working now—guess he will be able to support a little woman soon.

Martha Camp seems to have sunk her hook good and tight into Tom Montgomery. They make a fine couple, but be careful, Martha, and don't be too possessive. Things like that can break up an other-

wise beautiful friendship (friendship—what am I saying.)

From the look of some of the reunions that have taken place around and about on this Hill during the past few weeks everything is strictly four-oh. Leave us hope so anyway. Maybe after the dust clears away a little bit, we'll be able to furnish some additional information to the gossip this here column is supposed to contain.

'Tis sad but true...the old grind has begun in earnest for another year and once more we've got chalk dust and corny jokes staring us in the face. What some people will do for an education. Won't someone please think of some original funnies or is that a thing of the past? And please don't wait too long to answer that.

I feel in a very rambling mood tonight or morning rather. Incidentally, whoever the joker was who said you could find inspiration in the wee hours of the morning must have been slightly off cue...

But back to the rambling...this tangent concerns four people with whom we are all well acquainted by now. We've been seeing them go through their paces at the games up here on the Hill. Yep, I'm talking about the cheerleaders and the grand job they've been doing trying to drag cheers out of us. No, joke, they've got a right rough time of it and we could make their lives a lot more pleasant by cooperating just a little more. This thing called school spirit just isn't something that exists by itself. It takes a little honest effort on your part and my part. So come on now....let's help 'em out. And in case you haven't heard who they are and where they're from....Let's check briefly. Charlotte Williams, from Henderson and a sophomore, served last year, also. Frances Helen Smith is a junior from Campbellsville and Imogene Paige, a freshman from Park City....And hailing from Fort Knox is Bob Archibald, also a freshman.

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Guess I'd better start in on the real thing for a few minutes and see what we can sift out of the little black book that won't get us sued. Sometimes this job really gets interesting.

Oh yes, the recent Ray McKinley hop brought back a few familiar characters we have been missing on the Hill this year. Eddie Mitchell, Gene McLemore, and Joe Phillips were here for a week end.

And speaking of dances, I'll bet they haven't seen that rhumba south of the border, Poppy. How about that?

Just for the record what's cooking between Sue and Tom? Huh? Suzie, you're kinda hard to keep up with. Must be nice.

Another rather steady romance has been resumed now that Jo Cottrell and Ken Schuppe are together again.

Looks as if Betty Sue and Rodney are back for a while. My goodness, but it's hard to keep up with those two...by the time this goes to press they'll probably have changed their minds again.

Eleanor Mc. is certainly a cute addition to the Hill. She always seems to be occupied with this or that.

A very steady couple is Helen Joyce and Gene. Never see one without the other. That goes for Joanne B. and Charles M., too.

'Taint fair the way this dating business goes. The stagline at Beech Bend one recent Friday night had as added attractions B. Powell and B. Painter. Oh, come on now boys...give the girls a chance.

Claire Barbour seems to be rather well taken care of these days.

Grace L. seems to find the library especially interesting these days. What's the score, Grace?

Mary Lynn Bridgewater is another new face in these parts and seems to be doing definitely O. K. as far as the extracurricular activities are concerned.

It's another touchdown for those All-American football stars who insist upon playing in the Rabold's back yard at all hours. Have fun hot shots.

Lee and Maurice really get around these days. Ah, well! what's a weekend in Lexington more or less?

Wot's happened to Maxine and Alan? Seems a few changes have been made lately.

Another faithful couple on the Hill is Hal Taylor and Etta Watson. Of course, we all like both Hal and Etta and hope they can find what they are looking for in each other, but we still can't help wonder—is it hurting Hal's ball playing. Is

he wondering what Etta is doing, where she is, did she really mean what she said last night or does he have his mind wholeheartedly on football—when he's playing, of course? We all wonder, I know.

One of our new cheerleaders is doing a lot of dating—so fast, in fact, that I can't keep up with her. I do believe, though I saw Imogene with Phil Holland at one of the games. Well, maybe it was *after* the great victory.

Lou Nell is another girl that dates so many that you can never tag her to one. Last year it was a different story entirely—you rarely saw her with anyone but that certain person. I'll tell you, Lou Nell, one of the many that I think is mighty cute and helps to make the two of you about the best-looking couple on the Hill—I mean none other than George Simpson. Believe me, he has what it takes.

Boys, would you like to know some cute available girls to date? I'll tell you a few, but I'll try to enlarge on it next month. Barbara Bates has class and looks! Meet her, boys, and I don't think you will ever be sorry. Sara Hagerman from Valley Station is another one to put in your little black book. She's got—well, you name it!

With Frank married, Cooper Smith is wasting no time trying to find a mate also. His current heart throb seems to be Bette Leathers. There is a girl that should really go places, so maybe you aren't doing so badly, Cooper. Keep up the good work.

Tom Follis can go hither and thither, but eventually you'll see him back with Sara Booher. Of course, Sara doesn't sit on a log and wait for him to come back—she has her other days, too. But it just seems that sooner or later—usually sooner—that they are dating again. Could it be ————???

Sue Girvin and Tom Ward are about the two best-liked people on the campus. Both of them are friendliness personified. If you are ever down in the dumps, just look up either Sue or Tom and you'll be up in the world again. I know we all hope that nothing ever comes that will separate this couple; that, I believe, were certainly meant for each other.

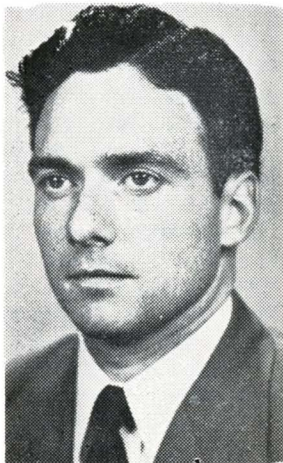
Bud Brown. Know him?? Well, give him time and you will. Bud is one of those people that every college freshman should know. He's a character, but a funny one. Oh, yes, seen who he's been dating lately—Pat Courtney. Wonder what will come of that. Let's wait and see.

(Continued on Page 12)



## A Round With "Dutch"

The other day I overheard Toni Andrews talking about her dentist. It seems that she called for an appointment and the dentist was terribly sorry but he had eighteen cavities to fill that afternoon and couldn't make any more appointments. After Toni hung up, the dentist grabbed his golf bag and left the office.



DUTCH

So we start off another month and everything is rosy-dozy. We always present a personality in this column each month and this time I have picked on a timid little girl named Carolyn Acree. Now no one knows Carolyn by her real name so lets call her Tish for short. Now we all know who she is.—Tish was born in Greenville, Mississippi on July 13, 1929. Her sister, Ann, was three when Tish first ventured into this world: and as her father wanted a boy so badly, the poor girl started on the wrong foot.

For the first eleven years of her life, she lived with her grandfather, who was a lawyer, and grandmother in Cleveland, Mississippi. At the age of ten, her mother died of tuberculosis. After that she lived in quite a few different towns, including Shelby, Mississippi, Natchez, Greenville, and as of the last few years, Marks, Mississippi.

The most exciting experience of Tish's junior-high school days was participating in the Natchez Pilgrimage, hoop-skirt and

all, for two years. And believe it or not, they excuse you from school to be a guide at these beautiful ante-bella homes.

Her junior and senior years in high school were truly the most enjoyable. She spent these two years at Northwest Junior College in Senatobia, Mississippi and enjoyed the many organizations there, as well as the pleasure derived from being on the annual and paper staff both years.

As to hobbies, Tish never was much of a collector of any set items, but has started on collections such as stamps, glass shoes, and college pennants with the end being so close to the beginning of each collection that it wouldn't do to tell.

Tish loves to dance, swim and ride horseback very much. Plans for the future are definite although the family doesn't approve of all of them. She is going to Boulder City, Nevada and live with her sister who has a government position out there. A visit to the West last summer confirmed her determination.

Meanwhile, she is taking a commercial course here at B. U. This summer school session was her first visit to Kentucky, and she honestly likes it. This year at B. U. will be a most enjoyable one for Tish. The best of luck to you Tish, we all think you are grand, especially Tutt.

Now you have the personality for today so let's get on with the rest of the material. Have you heard the one about the backward policeman? Jack Mac really was splitting his sides when he first heard it....An optimist is the man who took the marriage vows at the ripe old age of eighty-seven years and started house hunting for a nice place close to a school....The question has recently become "Who's alarm clock does Charlotte Ann Hardin hear in the morning, after she has left home....Sue Neely had a terrific time the other night with Roger Bunton from Nashville. The party was a real success and every one had a bang up good time....In our campaign to keep the column clean, we print herewith a fairy tale for the kiddies. Now, children once upon a time there was a beautiful princess. She lived in a magnificent castle at the edge of a very large forest. The little princess loved the big forest and every day she would wander through its cool, green paths.

One day as she was tripping through the forest she heard a tiny voice say to her, "I think you're the most beautiful princess in the world." The little princess was

(Continued on Page 16)

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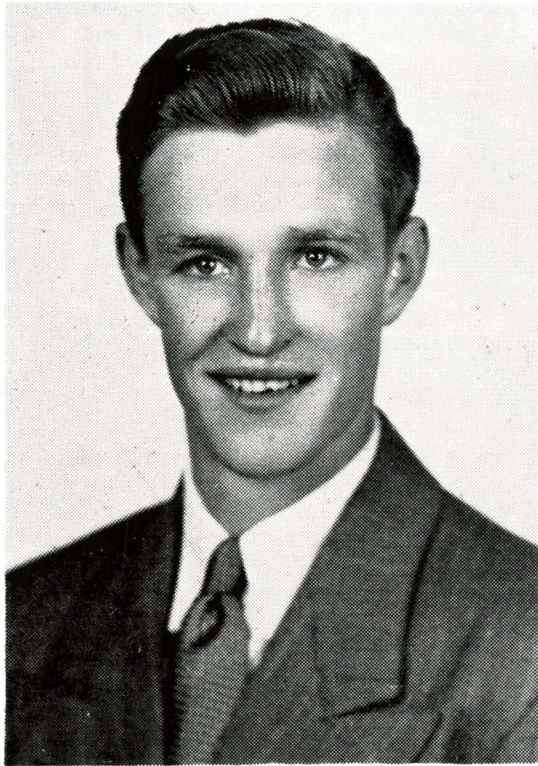
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## Men of Distinction



Photograph by Johnson-Malone

### KENNETH FLEENOR

A very well known figure in the Agriculture department is Kenneth Fleenor. Ken hails from Bowling Green and is now a junior at Western.

Prior to entering Western, Ken attended College High and while in College High he lettered two years in basketball and the same number in baseball.

Since coming to Western in 1947 he has really been making time. At present he is a member of the Barrons Social Club, Staff Sergeant in the R. O. T. C., member of the Cherry Country Life Club and is the Chesterfield student representative at Western.

Ken plans on graduating in 1951 and entering the field of scientific agricultural work. Best of luck in your future endeavors Mr. Fleenor.

### CHARLES MILNE

His friendliness and conscientious efforts make Charles Milne an outstanding candidate for this month's Man of Distinction. Charlie was a well-known figure at B. U. and especially in the accounting department. As an accounting major Charlie would have graduated in May 1950.

Charles first entered B. U. in 1941. He came to B. U. from Charleston, Miss. With the start of the war he went to Louisville until June of 1948 when he reentered the Business University. Since coming to B. U. in 1948 he has made an outstanding record in the accounting department by leading in every accounting class he was in. Charles was very active in the social life of B. U. He served the Rho Omega Alpha fraternity as Vice-President and President for the past six months.

Charles had to leave B. U. in the middle of October because of bad health, but to the students of B. U. who knew Charlie his friendliness and smiling out look on life will remain with them for a long long time.



Photograph by Johnson-Malone



## Gossip

(Continued From Page 9)

Innis Carr is going quite steady again. Wonder if she is serious or is it just a college flirtation. I hardly believe it's that, so it just must be the real thing.

Betty Barnes—does she miss Tom? Ask her! She might tell you or she might continue talking with Wayne or Chuck. They seem to be her two best stand-bys.

And who is that I see knocking at Judy Pruitt's door. Wait a minute, Eddie, you don't have to bang the door in. She'll be there in a minute, but we can't help wondering if she would wait if it were Phil at the other side of the door.

Who was it Dot Wiggins had up one week-end? Was it her own true love or just a friend up looking over Western? We seriously doubt that it was the latter!

And who is the couple of the month???? Who is seen most together?? Why, none other than Winifred Pickerill and Fred "Dog" Crawford. There was a sudden burst of love if you ever saw one. Wonder what that guy back home thinks? We hope he doesn't care too much, because it seems that Dog has her pretty well sewed up.

And who would have thought Ken Middleton could even look at another girl? Not me! I thought he was a love-bitten guy if there ever was one. But with Elaine gone I guess it does get a little lonely at that.

And what about Tom White! We thought he was going to get married, but it seems as though he didn't. Nina seems to be taking up a good part of his time,

but Nina really is free-lancing—She has also been dating Weil Rodfus. Must be wonderful.

Guess everyone knows that Woodson Sosh and Al Simpson are married. One night they decided to get hitched, so they did. Hope they never regret the step taken in such an impulsive mood.

Another couple that looks fine together is Joe Stewart and Betty Ditthenner. They seem to have lots in common, and we hope they stick together always.

Seems as though Leta Kerr has a week-end guest an awfully lot. Wonder if Carl is just visiting his old alma mater or could it be love for Leta. No two people were meant for each other more than they, so we believe they will be together for a long time to come.

Philip B. seems to be spending lots of time at West Hall. He and Griff are the best of friends—study together, etc. Also his love life seems to be around—none other than Anne Thomas. Ann sure is a cute gal so you had better hang on to her, Phil.



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"I'd yell."

Silence. A kiss. More silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

An accountant wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she answered.

Ben: "You should have seen Eva run the half-mile last night."

Tut: "What did she run it in?"

"How old is you?"

"Ah's five. How old is you?"

"Ah don't know."

"Yo' don't know how old you is?"

"Nope."

"Does women botha' you?"

"Nope."

"Yo's fo'."

After the physician had checked him over, he asked the patient:

"Have you been living a normal life?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Then you'll have to give up women and whiskey for a while."

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## COMPLIMENTS

of

**Pushin's**



# The P. U. Murders

By W. M. Fatkin

Nestled among the foothills of western Kentucky, not far from Asphixia, Tennessee, (the sleeping pill capital) lies the lovely little town of Rollingstone. Some of the oldtimers who crowd the town on Saturday afternoon, will tell you that the name comes from the absence of moss on the sidewalks. Others, of a more serious nature, will tell you that actually, the name comes from the fact that the creek, which runs along the southern border of the town, eats away a few inches of the northern bank each year and Rollingstone is being pushed closer and closer to its northern neighbor, Park City.

Only one thing keeps Rollingstone from the obscurity of most small southern towns—the presence within its limits of Public University, a business college of no small renown. (There is also a small teachers college, but termites, of one sort or another have been eating away at its foundation and it is slowly diminishing in size.) It was at Public University, known to the thousands of alumni scattered throughout the world as "good old P. U., that recently was perpetrated one of the most gruesome acts in the annals of crime. In all probability, you have heard the reports in the papers. Let me give you the facts as they were told to me by an eyewitness.

It was on a Friday morning that an unidentified student burst into the office of the dean, shouting that there was a

dead man in back of the Bookkeeping building. You can imagine how this announcement was received! Everyone rushed to the outside. Sure enough, there was the body lying on the side of the road next to the building. Several of the less hardy students fainted at the sight; and it was a sight!

A rope, stretched tightly around the throat, caused the tongue to extend from the open mouth like the tongue from an old shoe. Blood was slowly oozing from the hole in the shirt from which the hilt of an ivory handled knife protruded. A large hole above the right ear and a larger one above the left, testified to the entrance and exit of a large calibre slug. The hardly recognizable face was marked as though it had been punished mercilessly by the blows of a blunt instrument. As if this were not enough, the left phelox was damaged as though from the blast of some high explosive.

The crowd stared in horror. Dean Mount was aghast.

"This is a job for Lieut. Megut," he muttered as though to himself.

The circle of students and teachers nodded silent agreement. Lieut. Megut, head of the Park City homicide department, was the finest criminal mind in an area covering fully four square miles. This was a job worthy of his mettle!

"Call Megut," Mount ordered a near-by student.

"Call you what, sir?" questioned the lad thinking he had not heard correctly.

"Megut. Megut, Megut," cried the Dean, impatiently. "Call Lieut. Megut at once and tell him to rush over here as fast as he can."

"Yessir, right away, sir," replied the student, and still slightly dazed, he rushed away to make the call.

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It was an incredibly short time that elapsed when the air was rent by the eerie shriek of a siren. Into the back entrance of the school and up to the steps of the administration building tore the Park City Homicide Squad, peddling like mad on the foreward seat of a tandem bicycle. Smashing recklessly into the iron railing beside the steps, the entire squad—the Lieut, and a youthful assistant, were thrown violently on their faces in the middle of the gravel road.

This action gives us an insight into the character of Lieut. Megut. He was a hard man and utterly disdained the pampering influences of our modern civilization. Anyone else would have used the brakes to stop the bicycle; but not Lieut. Megut. It was ever his want to do things the hard way.

The crowd held its breath as the great man slouched indolently over the group surrounding the body.

"Aha," muttered the Lieut, as he passed through the lane which opened before him.

The members of the growing crowd nodded wisely to one another, amazed at the wisdom of his first remark.

Megut stood in the center of the circle. Outwardly, there was nothing about him to see apart from his fellow-men. He was neither tall nor short; neither was he fat nor thin. He was just average. His face looked like any other face, and so did his hands and feet. There was only one thing that made him stand out—the burning intensity of his eyes as they peered through the heavy lenses of his glasses. They seemed always to be busy; continually winking, blinking, or looking.

The thick glasses were another of his idiosyncrocies. He would have no truck with magnifying glasses which fiction detectives seem to be always pulling out in their search for clues. He abhorred such dramatics. His were inclosed in frames so he could wear them perched atop his average nose. Behind them, his eyes gleamed owlshly, like two eight-balls might stare

at you through the bottoms of a couple of milk bottles.

Megut, his feet almost touching the corpse, was staring fixedly at Dean Mount. "Where's the body?" he growled.

"Right there in front of you, chief," answered his pimply faced assistant.

"What's it doing standing up?" he returned impatiently. "That's no way to treat a corpse, even if it is dead. Besides, it's enough to scare the daylights out of a body."

"That's not the body," squeaked the assistant, "It's down there on the ground at your feet."

"Ah, yes. Just where it ought to be. Good thing you told me; I almost had the case solved. Thought this guy here was the corpse. Guess the joke's on me, eh?" He dug his elbow playfully into the ribs of Dean Mount as though to say that he held no hard feelings at the Dean for imitating the body.

Turning to the victim, he studied it intently for a long moment. Finally his aide could restrain himself no longer. "What do you think, chief?" he asked anxiously.

The Lieut. straightened up from his inspection and turned to the crowd. He gazed belligerently around at them for a moment as though daring them to contradict his decision, and then, in a low voice, gave his verdict. "I suspect foul play," he said.

The faces of his audience changed. Gad! It was incredible. How could any man's mind work so rapidly as to arrive at a decision in such a short period of time? Here, truly, was one of the greats in the world of crime detection! And, as one, they paid homage to this great man who stood so unassuming among them. They began to applaud with a vigor which aroused a flight of pigeons from a roof over near the railroad.

Megut took it all in his stride. With a slight smile upon his rough-hewn face, he lifted his arm for silence and said, "You seemed surprised that I should arrive at

(Continued on Page 20)

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## A Round With Dutch

(Continued From Page 10)

startled! She stopped short and looked all around her, but she couldn't see a soul. Surely she must be imagining things. Soon she started down the path again. She had only moved a few paces when, sure enough, she heard the little voice again. And again it said, "I think you're the most beautiful princess in all the world!"

By now the princess wasn't at all frightened and her face was all smiles. She looked down at the little toad and said, "Thank you very much, little hoptoad. You're very kind. And I think you are quite the most wonderful hoptoad that I ever saw. Never before have I ever seen one that could speak."

"And thank you, Princess," said the toad. "Let me explain to you. I wasn't always a hoptoad. Once I was the most handsome prince in all the land. A mean old witch became angered with me and changed me into the loathsome creature that you see now. But I shan't always be a hoptoad. When some day some beautiful virgin shall spy me and take me to sleep in the silken pillow beside her, then once again I shall become the handsome prince that I once was."

"Oh, you poor little fellow," exclaimed the princess, with her voice filled with compassion. "I'll do that for you." And so she reached down and picked the little fellow up ever so tenderly and cuddling him to her bosom she carried him back to the his castle. It wasn't long afterward until bedtime, and when the little princess retired that night she very carefully placed the little hoptoad there on the silken pillow beside her and soon she was fast asleep.

The next morning she awakened just as the first rays of the sun peeked through the windows of her chamber, and sure enough lying there at her side was the most handsome prince she had ever seen. —And did she have one hell of a time trying to make her mother believe this story!

Did any of you see the box of rocks, miniature boulders, and sundry stuff that the mechanics got out of Harold Greenfield's gas tank. No wonder that we got stuck in the loneliest spot between here and Nashville one night. It seems that sand and gravel foul up the carburetor, fuel pump, and a few other minor parts in the fuel system....To all them arried people on the campuses I might say that

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Marriage is the only life sentence that is suspended by bad behaviour....The response to the blood bank was quite encouraging this time and it just goes to show that people are sincere and want to do their best for anyone, no matter what creed they might have. Thanks a million to all you generous donors and next month we hope to have many more people to join your contented ranks....To Joe Harmon a word or two. Nature seems determined to make us work. The less hair we have to comb, the more face we have to wash....Our sincerest congratulations to Maurice Wahl. His wife just presented him with a baby boy. Where are the cigars, Wahl?...What a world! By the time you are important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits you to a glass of milk....One of the loneliest guys in town is Charles Hoover. Why? I know for a fact that he is, because Ruth Ann Dean is in Logan, West Virginia and Charles is in Bowling Green. Tough isn't it Charlie?...Little Susie's hair cracked as her mother was combing it. "Why does it crack?" the child asked. "Because it has electricity in it," her mother replied. "Gee," ejaculated the modern little miss, "we're sure in the groove. I got electricity. Grandpa's got gas on his stomach, and Daddy's all lit."....Did you ever see the like of the parties that have been going on. Dances every week, get-togethers, and numerous other social events have gone to cause the semester to pass more rapidly than any thing that I have ever seen....The fraternities have really been in their shining glory recently. The pledges have been put through it and it was a

sight for all concerned. The toppers wearing their white ribbons, the Rho Omega Alpha's wearing their wooden leaves, the Alpha Sigma's wearing their overgrown safety pins, and the Pi Tau Nu's wearing their little red Freshmen's hats. The Pi Tau Nu freshmen have acquired a wonderful taste for prunes, having to eat one every time they saw an active for a whole day. Carrying their buckets around for every one to put their butts in carried out the theme of fire prevention. Novel!.... Sue Neely and Roger Bunton from Nashville. Po and Stratt with Cornie Cannon and Toni Andrews, Ab Luther and Bobbie Jean Fox. Martha Brauns and ED., and Jack McAlister with Fave Wakeland (or Wakefield as she "loves" to be called) really had a party on the night of October the fifteenth. Wheeeeeee. party party!.... Louie and Duple Duplex looked very contented at the Topper pledge party. I heard that it was a right party....Why don't we see Jim LeGrande out any more. Is it a woman or is he getting too old to keep up with the fellows any more....Romeo said "Why must we wait until we get home before you'll tell me whether you will marry me?" "You frighten me." Juliet replied. "This is the same place father proposed to mother." "So what?" says Romeo. To which Juliet replied. "On the way home, the horse ran away, the buggy turned over, and father was killed! ! ! ... All of the members of the Moose Lodge are eagerly looking forward to the BIG Dinner come Thanksgiving, there will be turkey with all the trimmings. Already I'm hungry....Betty Fae Siddens was in for the last big Ray McKinley dance and

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she really was in top form. U. of K. has been treating her right....Dottie Byrn was also in for Peg and Bob's wedding. Dottie says that she really misses Bowling Green....Paul Maddox is kept so busy that when he dies his epitaph will no doubt read: May he rest in peace, in addition to his other duties....Bob Duke has a sure cure for headaches. Just get on his motorcycle with him on a frosty morning and when you get off you will be completely cured. On top of that it will take you about 3 hours to thaw your head out. ....Then there's the one about the inebriate who died in the silo. He ran himself to death trying to find a corner to lie down in to sleep....A farmer who had spent his life in the country, retired and moved to the city. On the first morning in their new home, his wife said: "Well, Pa, it's about time you started the fire." "Not me!" he exclaimed nestling down deeper in bed. "We might as well start right now getting use to all the city conveniences. Call the fire department!".... Betty Peters, what happened to your date for the big party?....The Kentucky-Georgia game in Lexington took many of the students and citizens of this fair city. Every one had a terrific time, Eva and Bennie Murphy. Tutt Snodgrass and Tom Moblev who both had a party good time, Faye Wakeland, Gene Maunz, Bob Alley, Boo Abell, Coach Diddle, Bob French, and many more. Bowling Green was really represented. Tutt, Coach Diddle, Tom M. and Boo all went to see the Governor of Kentucky, The Honorable Earle C. Clements. Big Wheels.... One night while patronizing the Boots and Saddle Club and trying to see who was doing what. I was sitting minding my own business and all of a sudden I heard a terrific voice sing Stardust. I turned around and to the utter amazement of myself and the group that I was with, we saw Malcolm Mitchell on the band stand putting out with the

sweetest version of Stardust that I have heard in a long time. The next time any of you readers go on a party and Malcolm is around be sure and get him to sing a few for you. He's terrific! The same night I observed Dimple Kitchens and Bill Rudd, Paul Riner and Faye Wakeland, Daryll Bates and Wilma Jane Gerstle, Harold Greenfield (freshman) and Beth, Reed Moore and Jean Angel, every one was having a party fine time. Wilma and Daryll were really in fine form on the dance floor. There is one couple that you will find it hard to beat when it comes to dancing or cheerfulness. A pair of aces!....A court room scent: "You're a cheat!" the first lawyer accused his opponent. "You're a liar!" the other retorted. Then from the judge: "Now that these attorneys have identified each other, we shall proceed with the case."..... Vicki Ratcliffe and Grady Manson were at the Pi Tau Nu pledge party and that is not the first time recently that these two have been out together and it happens more often all the time....Edna Corey spent a big week-end on the 30th of September and the 1st and 2nd of October. The dance on the Friday, A dance at the Moose on the Saturday and a big picnic at Mammoth Cave on the Sunday. The end of a perfect day....George Fortin and Irene, Jack and Faye, Frank Smith

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and Pat, Bill Headrick and Jeanne, Louie Rahall and Poppy Hagan, were also on the same picnic. Louie, you'd better give up on trying to out consume bar-b-que with the opponent that you chose on that picnic. When he can stash away eight sandwiches and you can't put away four then you had better give up. Right?... Charlotte Roberts tore herself away from the gang one day to go home and do some washing. Now Charlotte, wouldn't it have been more fun to have gone down town and gotten some new gear and gone on with the gang out to Bill's.... As usual after the first of the month the Board of Directors will have its monthly meeting at Van's to declare dividend. Subject of the meeting will of course be liquidation. Sarah Wilcoxon keeps busy handing the ice-water around on Saturday mornings.... The prospective perambulating pushing proud pappy Paul is getting a little impatient over the coming event. I'll bet you a dinner it is a boy, Paul.... Betty Lou Hedgespeth has been busy lately, Bill sees to that.... Some people go around in circles; others get circles from going around.... It is too bad that Georgann Massey had to leave town to go home and get married, why not bring your husband down here and get back with the crowd, Georgann. Louise would be glad to see you again too.... Wouldn't it be nice if the city would break-down and put a stop light at the corner of Twelfth and College. It might save a life and it would certainly prevent some near wrecks.... B. J. Fox is now known as Lover. Is it because she proposed to Whitney Thomas?... Who was the nice looking

man who escorted Miss Sherrill to the Preston magic show?... Benny Murphy walked into a dark house turned on a light and umpteen people burst out in a Happy Birthday song. Benny was so surprised that he almost fell down the steps. May you have many more, Benny.... Ralph Williams also had a birthday on the fourteenth of October. May you have many more too, Ralph. We all hope that on the next one that Peg will be able to spend the whole day with you.... It's an appropriate coincidence that the word "American" ends in "I can"... Here I lie upon my bed. My mouth is dry, Oh! Wata head. My muscles ache, My feet are sore, 'Tis the morning after the night before. Can't taste my food, I have no pen. Spent all my dough and lost my rep. Just let me sleep, I sure feel bad. But, gosh, what a time I must have had.... Betty Bratton really looked nice when she was here for a visit October 15....

That is about it for this issue friend (I still have one) and again I'm sorry that I didn't get around to all of you but space is limited. I'll try to do better next time. Let me leave you with the words of the immortal Shakespeare: "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first." Conversely, however most of us want to jump to the top in one high role vault. But success rarely happens that way. It has to be earned, fought for, step by step. The idea is to don't let up. Keep going and always *do your best*. People fail only when they no longer try. It isn't necessary to make a big "killing" every day, but it is necessary to *continually improve* and by doing some one thing to improve your job and yourself every day you will go forward—but fast! First be sure that you are headed in the *right direction*. An inviting path may lead to a dead end. Therefore, "look before you leap." Protect your progress as you go along and thus avoid the necessity of back-tracking, of overcoming the same obstacles and resistances all over again. It's a conclusive fact that your destination or goal does not come to you. You must travel that road yourself and a single step forward each day will shorten the distance. TRY IT!

All of you be careful, study hard and I'll be back with you next issue. Don't eat too much Thanksgiving turkey.

Sincerely,  
Dutch

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## The P. U. Murders

(Continued From Page 15)

my decision so quickly. Let me tell you; when you have been in this business as long as I have, you learn to see things that the ordinary layman does not. Decisions, which might appear to you as the result of snap-judgment, are in reality, carefully thought out by means of an inductive process which I call Megut's Metaphysical Evaluation of Statistical Solutions. Of course," he added modestly, "I usually just call it by its initials—Megut's M. E. S. S." But enough of that, let's get down to work. But first, I guess I'd better put on my other glasses. These are too weak for close work."

So saying, he put the thick lensed glasses into his pocket and replaced them with a much stronger pair. These were at least three and one-half inches thick and each lense was enclosed in a black metal tube. They looked like opera glasses might look if they were attached to regular spectacle frames. When he turned around to the crowd, he looked like nothing so much as a ship-wrecked sailor anxiously scanning the horizon through a pair of binoculars.

He bent over the body and demanded abruptly, "Has anybody touched this body?"

The unidentified student who had discovered the crime, stepped forward. "I pulled it out of that bush over there and dragged it to where it is and put the hands on the chest like they are," he said, gazing fondly at the detective.

"Is that all you did?" queried Megut, staring intently at the student through his quadrafcals. "You didn't touch it any more than that?"

"Nossir," replied the youth. "Aside from that, I didn't touch it at all."

"Well, that's alright then, if that's all you did," returned the master-mind pleasantly. "Just so you didn't go disarranging

the corpse and messing up clues for me. Now let's see what we have here."

While the crowd followed each move intently, Lieut. Megut examined the gruesome heap of clay that had, such a short time ago trod the earth even as you and I. As he reached into the victim's pockets to check on their contents, another wild-eyed student dashed breathlessly around the corner of the building, as though the very devil were after him. Skidding into the great detective, he could do nothing but bubble incoherently until Megut slapped him sharply four or five times across the face. This stopped his babbling and he pulled himself together with a superhuman effort. He imparted his dreadful news.

"There are three more bodies in the rectangle behind the hedge," he gasped breathlessly. I just saw them as I was coming out of the shorthand room. They looked terrible!"

Megut dropped the quivering boy and dashed in the direction he had pointed. As his quadrafcals were set for close range, he misjudged the corner, caromed off the bricks, nicking them noticeably, and disappeared from view. The crowd recovered quickly and followed.

When they arrived at the hedge, there, sure enough, were three more corpses

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sprawled grotesquely on the grass partially hidden from view by the foliage.

Not a quiver marked the granite surface of Megut's face as he bent over the bodies. One would have thought that he had been expecting just such a development. Maybe he had. Who can tell how such great minds work. Anyway, there were the bodies.

Under the Lieut's direction, they were carried gently (so as not to disturb any clues) to the bench which lined the wall of the triangle. Four students carried the first victim to join his fellows.

"Gad," the Dean was heard to mutter. "We'll be out of business pretty soon if this keeps up, not to mention the wear and tear on the grass."

Megut glanced at each body briefly but thoroughly, and stood erect, his head bowed in thought.

"What do you think, chief," asked his assistant, eagerly.

"What do I think," repeated Megut. "I'll tell you what I think. I think the same as I thought before. Foul play has been committed. If you'll look closely, you'll see that these deaths were caused in the same way as the first. I have found out something else, too. There is a faint odor of bitter almond here which I didn't notice before. In addition to being stabbed, shot, hanged, beaten, and dynamited, these boys were poisoned! This was a well-planned crime!"

Professor Melody, Business Administration 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, had been standing silently running his fingers through his long wavy hair, deep in thought. Now he spoke.

"I think we can solve this crime, Lieut., by a method I use in my classes. If we let the murderer represent corporation tax returns and the victims represent the corporations; we can compute the percentage of net income for each of the industrial groups and, if necessary, even arrange the

groups in the order of rank. In this way we'll arrive at the unknown tax-returns or the murderer."

"I think it can be worked out according to an accounting system which I have perfected," spoke up Professor Gladstone. "We let the murderer be the net profit and the victims are assets, liabilities, and proprietorship. We take the assets and—"

"Never mind, never mind," growled Megut. "You take the assets and take them out of here. I'll solve this thing and I won't be long about it either. I've got a date with my soul-mate tonight and I can't spend all day fooling around here. Let's see what these corpses have in their pockets. I think the solution lies there."

Even as he spoke, he was busy searching the pockets and mumbling happily to himself. Finally all the possessions of the dead were stacked in neat little piles on the stomachs of their former owners. Megut stepped back to observe his work proudly.

"Now," he said, with an engaging smile, "I'll give you a little lesson in crime detection. I don't often do this, but since this is a school, you might as well be learning something standing out here missing classes."

And standing there, while the eyes of the victims stared sightlessly into the blue of the summer sky, and the surrounding students stared at him through eyes which showed only slightly more intelligence, he began a discourse on crime which would have done justice to the best university lecturer in the country.

"You'll notice that all these bodies are dead," he began quietly. As the crowd followed his pointing hand, they could see that what he said was indeed true.

"These boys were all students at this school. They are all freshmen as you can tell by the intelligent looks on their faces. Freshmen always look much wiser than seniors; it isn't until later that they learn just how little they really know and begin to look like human beings. In addition, if you will notice, each one has a very short pencil among his possessions. These pencils are worn down to the nub yet the rubber on the end is hardly worn at all. That shows that these pencils were worn down quickly and there is only one course here where the pupils write so much that they will wear out a pencil so quickly—beginning shorthand.

The circling crowd nodded agreement. How simple it all seemed after it was explained.

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ROBLEE'S  
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Megut continued. "In these little piles of articles, you will observe that there are many stubs for various social events that have taken place in the last month. In fact, these boys must have attended everything that took place. That is, everything but one!"

As he said this, the Lieut. began to search frantically through the little piles. He apparently found what he was looking for because he quickly returned to the center of the group.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I have solved the crime if it can be called that."

His audience gasped at the wonder of it all.

"You mean," asked Mr. Mount, "you have discovered who the culprit is?"

"Culprit — culprit?" returned Megut. "I don't know whether he was a culprit or an Episcopalian, but I know who committed these murders."

The vast throng was silent as the grave as the criminal genius explained his findings.

"This pile of ticket stubs which came from the pockets of that body," he said, "is exactly the same as those from the pockets of the other corpses. Here is a stub for the Woody Herman concert which took place the other night. Here is one for the Freshman dance which took place last Friday night. Here is one for a fraternity dance and here is one for a sorority dance. Here is a receipt showing that the owner took a chance on a typewriter recently. In other words, these boys evidently couldn't resist good salesmanship."

He paused to let the full import of his words sink in. Then he continued.

"If you will look through the things carefully, though, you will see that there is one function to which they had no ticket. For one reason or another, they failed to buy tickets to see Preston the magician

at the armory. Who sponsored that show? Yes, that is right—the P. U. Veterans Club. They committed this crime because these boys refused to support their organization. The method of death supports my contention. It is only a club like the Veterans that you would find at least one member skilled in the use of knives and bayonets, one skilled in the use of guns, one in judo, a sailor who could tie a good hangman's knot, a demolition expert who could take care of the blasting, and at least one cook, who would be accustomed to handling poison."

Megut stopped talking and slowly scrutinized the crowd. Several members of the Veterans Club were edging away from the great detective.

"Don't leave, boys," he said, kindly. "I understand how these things are and how erked we can get when someone refuses to support a good cause like yours. I'm going to put this on my report as justifiable homicide. I wouldn't want any adverse publicity to retard the good work which your club is doing. Therefore, let's forget the whole thing, shall we? We'll mark it down to youthful enthusiasm. These things will happen. Just remind the rest of the members of the club to try and not let it happen again."

Turning to his assistant, he spoke wearily, as though the solving of the crime had taken a lot out of him, "Let's go, Joe. You drive this time. I'm a little tired."

And so saying, they climbed on their bicycle and dashed away amidst a great cloud of dust, the sirens shrilling like a banshee.

And that is the story of the P. U. murders. It might be said in closing, that all future functions of the Veterans Club were attended by 100% of the student body.

Twinkle, twinkle little star  
What the hell you think you are,  
"A flashlight?"

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out into the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

A voice from the rear: "Where's the sled?"

It isn't the ice that makes people slip—it's what they mix with it.

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# Bolts Out Of The Blue

By Bob McKnight

School has now gotten started and we have gotten into the swing of things. All the trials of registration are over and all of us have started studying our lessons so that we can get some of this learning that we have heard so much about that is so plentiful at college. A certain freshman named oJe Woosley came to school this year seeking some of this education stuff and before he knew it, these people at school gave him a stack of books two feet high and told him to go home and read them and that when he got through with them to come and they would give him some more. Joe got so interested in the books that he didn't go home for a solid month even though he didn't live more than thirty miles away. Joe Peden and Billy Padford went to the U. K.—Georgia football game and they were very well satisfied with the results of the game and had a swell time running around with their old frat brothers. They strictly had a wonderful time. It seems however the Pund boys didn't like the score so much. I hear that Vera Thomas has a motherly instinct toward a certain Hopkinsville Youth now attending B. U. It has been requested that "Dime a Dozen" be dedicated to Dimple Kitchen. It seems that a good looking boy, Lee B., has gotten B. U. cased and has gotten to know most all of the dream girls, god speed. Dennis Vaughn has been seen in the front yard of a certain house on the corner of College and 13th lately. It seems that Edward Crouch has been elected to stay with David Young and show him the ropes since Paschall didn't come back to school this year. Morton Stahl told me the other day that as long as he could keep books he didn't care under what working conditions he had to work. A certain boy named Cox has gotten so fast on the typewriter that he crosses his hands on the key board so as to slow down his speed.

It seems that the Pund brothers were not the only boys that didn't like the football results that have been piling up through the weeks. It seems that my old high school alma mater has been having a rough time of it too, but maybe they will both pickup and do better in the future. It seems that most people are afraid of fire but in the last fire drill there

were several people in Mr. Fortin's accounting class?? Now they didn't just want to be roasted to a golden brown, they were trying to correct some mistakes that had been made in their accounting test. It seems that this wait did a lot of good for some of the students but it might have been a different story if the building had really been on fire. It seems that some of the new students had an idea that they were mistreated when they came to school this year and found that they had so many heavy books to carry around all day. I was talking to a rather elderly old fellow the other day and he told me of the days when he went to school. He said that he had to come to school on horseback eight miles every day at the break of day and it was always dusk when he wandered his weary way back home. I thought that there must be a bright side to this story so I let him talk and after relating the untold hardships that he underwent I found out that because of the fact that he was in school he got out of much harder work at home. He said that he just started to school with the thought in mind that he was going to meet people and try to make the best of a drudgery. As the days passed into weeks, he found that only at school could you meet such interesting people and still get a very useful education at the same time. So you see this man made the best of the opportunities that confronted him and learned to enjoy what he had outlined for himself. Today this man is a very prosperous fellow. So don't by all means give up. Just make the best of what you have and the teachers at B. U. will do the rest.

I'll be seeing you soon and hope you enjoyed this article.

And then there's the old maid who refused to have Miss placed before her name on her tombstone. She hadn't missed as much as people thought she had!

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Policeman: Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Student: "I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before they change the edition."

One thing about "Rushing"—the back-slapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged, it just moves farther down.

When a German is told a joke, he laughs twice; first, to be polite; and second, when the joke is explained. He doesn't catch on.

When a Frenchman is told a joke, he laughs once; he catches on immediately.

When an American is told a joke, he doesn't laugh at all; he's heard it before.

Oh well, you're an American, aren't you?

She made a right hand turn from a left hand lane and promptly got hit by another auto. The driver got out and accosted her.

"Lady, why didn't you signal?"

"I always turn here, stupid."

Believe Me  
IT'S A GREAT SUIT  
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#### TERSE VERSE FOR STUDENTS

Hickory dickory dock  
Three mice ran up the clock  
The clock struck one  
But the other two escaped.

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### QUESTIONS

- A** Find four letters with teeth, look for them in the name; Though not used in this sense, the spelling's the same.
- B** When on your back, it's cut to measure, When in a pack, it's for your pleasure.
- C** Cirrus, nimbus and cumulus; change one letter and then Sisal, manila and hemp; change one letter again.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

#### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

#### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A MR. SOFT TOUCH.** When hard times hit, Mr. Soft Touch can be counted on to fix you up quickly.
- B ROBOT.** Read TABOR (from Tabor City) inverted, with one minor switch (changing A to O) and you get Robot, a device controlled by a switch.
- C CHESTERFIELD.** Trunk (chest); a pause (er); meadowland (field).

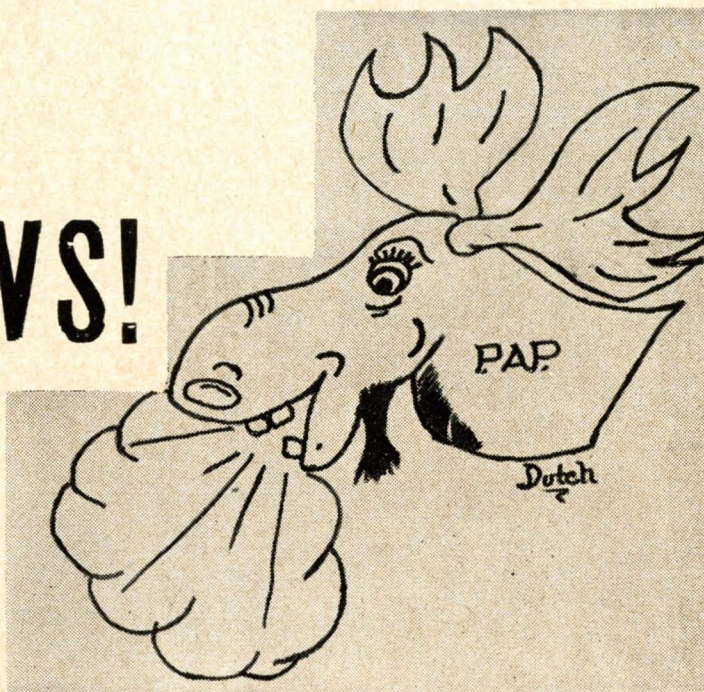
#### WINNERS

BEVA BLANKENSHIP  
MARY ALICE WELLER  
BEN MURPHY  
MARGE WOLF  
CARL G. THOMAS  
MARIE WALKER  
JOHN E. JAMES  
TOM WOLF  
ROBERT GEORGE  
HENRY ADAMS



# HEY FELLOWS!

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DEATH BENEFITS \_\_\_\_\_  
FAMILY BENEFITS \_\_\_\_\_  
SOCIAL PRIVILEGES \_\_\_\_\_  
COMMUNITY SERVICE \_\_\_\_\_  
OLD AGE PROTECTION \_\_\_\_\_



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